Mr. Jazz, Himself.

By IRVING BERLIN.

Piano.

Moderato.

I know a certain young fellow, Who's filling people with joy;
Never cared about discords, They never cared about me;

Voice.

How would you like to say "hello!" to this remarkable boy?
But when I listen to his cords, We both agree to agree.

Everybody's talking about him, He's been the topic for days;
He's not a Wagner or Verdi, He's not a classy high-brow; He's just the

winsome gent, with an instrument, that plays; I'd like to have you meet him.
boy who has put the joy in jazz, and now; I'd like to have you meet him.
Chorus.

Shake hands with Mister Jazz, himself! He took the saxophone from off the shelf, And when you hear him play; You'll say that he's been taking lessons up in Heaven. That dreamy moan, is his own originality. He knows a strange sort of change in a minor key, I don't know how he does it;

But when he starts to play the blues, He's like a messenger of happy news;

No one else could ever do it as, My friend, Mister Jazz. Jazz.